

reconnected by caffeinescripts

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Still love him tho, also steve might be a lil ooc sorry he's not rilly the point of this fic, also threw in blonde natalia tease cause i had to, okay anyway enjoy hope it doesnt suck, so i tried to make this as open ended so it works in canon hopefully!!

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-26

Updated: 2017-10-26

Packaged: 2022-04-02 01:46:52

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,132

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

They were like the kind of friends you didn't really see for a while and idly wondered how they were doing. But as soon as you see them again and get over the awkward "how have you been" hurdles, it's like nothing ever changed and you're wondering why you hadn't reconnected sooner.

Every time Nancy ran into him, she was always left wondering why they hadn't sooner.

reconnected

Author's Note:

so i thought i should write something for these two before the new season comes out, we all binge it, and then the previous jancy fics are out of canon and make no sense. so, here i am. two days before. enjoy!

(dedicated to jackie & geena, my jancy sisters)

edit: not sure if the rest of the world has finished their bingeing season 2 but i have & im so happy this actually works in canon! besides the end, which you might have to use your imagination for :) (& the new season omg, i have not stopped screaming!!)

Jonathan and Nancy's friendship was...well, they were close, as close as you get to someone when you fight a monster from The Upside Down with them. So they were the kind of 'I feel safe when I share a bed with you' close. They didn't see each other a lot, both of them busying themselves (Nancy got back together with her boyfriend, chopped off her hair, started doing more research about monsters and government conspiracy theories after school. Jonathan spent time re-adjusting his brother and exploring the woods while taking pictures). They were like the kind of friends you didn't really see for a while and idly wondered how they were doing. But as soon as you see them again and get over the awkward "how have you been" hurdles, it's like nothing ever changed and you're wondering why you hadn't reconnected sooner. And then, the next time you run into them, it's even better than the last.

Every time Nancy ran into him, she was always left wondering why they hadn't sooner.

The first time she saw him since Christmas was back at school,

promptly ignoring the tiny kiss she gave him on the cheek. She'd gone to a party with Steve for New Years, and she was pretty sure he was celebrating with the boys either in the basement or Will's house (Joyce still had a fear of him being out late without supervision. At least he got his bike back a few weeks ago though). After that, they enjoyed the next handful of days they had off in sweaters throwing snowballs at each other when the boys made Nancy play or laying in blankets watching movies and talking about how much they dreaded going back next week.

Nancy couldn't help but notice how Mike wasn't into it. He was excited to have Will back, to play their game downstairs, to throw chunks of snow at her head. But the loss of Eleven (El, he called her) hit him more than Nancy really thought it would. He'd sometimes look at the basement door with a look in his eye she couldn't quite place, then she did the only thing she really could think of to comfort him: tease him. She'd poke his side or kick him lightly under the table and say something like "What? Remembering all the times you lost down there?" in reference to the game. He'd shoot back a "Shut up!" without meaning it (sometimes he'd even laugh) and then their parents would scold them but it wasn't mean sibling teasing anymore. For the first time in a long time, they were good.

That lingered on her mind as she walked into the school building, her first day back. Steve was her ride, but he'd gone off somewhere before class. She wasn't really concerned with that, or at least not as much as she worried about her brother. It was strange, 3 months ago she hadn't even been that worried when Will went missing and now she was worrying for Mike and even his little gang. She shook her head, feeling the slightest amount of guilt for that before heading to her locker and grabbing her books. Her mind was preoccupied as she grabbed them, not looking up as she walked down the hallway and right into another person.

"Sorry!" She exclaimed without looking, more preoccupied on her notebooks on the ground.

"Don't be, I wasn't looking." He knelt down, picking the books up for her, and then handing them back.

She smiled bashfully, feeling guilty she hadn't even realized she ran into Jonathan. "Thanks." She grabbed the books back, still not making any movement to get to class.

"You're welcome," He said back, also not making any movement to leave. Just for a second, there was a tense silence. A "What do you say to someone you weren't friends with before you fought a monster together but now that you did, are you two still even friends?" moment. She'd like to be, she hoped he wanted to be.

"How are you doing?" She settled on saying, tacking on just as quickly. "How's Will doing?" It was a courtesy to ask, she knew fully well she probably saw Will as much as he did since he was always in her basement. Jonathan knew that too, but still smiled politely.

"Good. Good." He nodded. "We're both doing better." She nodded, glad to hear it. "How about you? How are you doing? And um, Mike?" He asked, and she knew he was referring to Eleven.

"Good." She breathed out, ducking her head. "As good as we can be." He nodded, and again came the tense silence. Nancy was racking her brain for something that she could say to break it.

"How's your hand?" he asked, looking down on the particularly nasty scar through the middle of her palm.

"Probably the same as yours." She gestured to his, except he had a pathetic looking wrap around it. He nodded as she did.

"Thank you, by the way." He said out of nowhere. "For the camera. I realized I never said it." He clarified and she brightened at that. Anything they could talk about besides the monster that tried to kill all of them.

"It's not a big deal."

"It is, to me anyway. It's really nice, and even Will took a few shots on it too." She laughed at that, genuinely glad that he liked it.

"Did he get any good shots?" She wondered as she raised an eyebrow,

laughing a bit more when Jonathan shook his head.

“Just some blurry shots of trees, one good one of the quarry though.” He offered.

“Well, you better watch out then. He’s gonna be better than you soon.” He laughed too, the only thing now breaking their conversation was the harsh sound of the bell. She groaned. “I can’t be late to Mr. Banks class or I’m dead.” She gave him a knowing look, and he seemed to understand.

“Yeah, yeah, I get it. Thanks, again, though.” She nodded, making her way back down the hallway again.

“Hey, uh, Jonathan.” She turned back around, only a few steps away now, and he did too. “I’ll see you around, okay? Don’t be a stranger.” He smiled genuinely at that but only nodded, walking away as she did too.

And then, she saw him around. Saw him around school and said hi between classes or on his way to the dark room after school while she was on her way to the game she honestly didn’t even want to go to. She saw him whenever she picked up or dropped off either one of their siblings, and they’d share somewhat awkward hello’s that never got a chance to last too long because of said siblings. In the meantime she saw him, she cut all her hair off.

It was a completely impulsive change. She saw it on a magazine or something and thought about how none of the girls in their school ever really had short hair (besides Barb), and it made her want to do it even more than she did before. She didn’t even run it by Steve, just that night he came to pick her up she had hair that was now to her shoulders. He was kind of shocked, but he told her he liked it after a moment.

Meanwhile, the boys had found a new thing to do with all of their

time. Waste it in the arcade when they weren't playing D&D, and Nancy was pretty sure they were going to spend all summer in there. She shrugged, there were still a few weeks until it was their summer to waste. Didn't mean she was particularly too excited to come get them everytime they stayed late though.

Mike was doing better, she noticed. He didn't talk about El anymore, and his frequent looks became infrequent. He still spent time in the basement doing what, Nancy had no idea. But she had stopped worrying. He was the same smiling, excited, little brother she'd had before last November, except now he was getting taller and being just little nicer to her.

"Mike!" she called, walking into the arcade, and disrupting their game.

"What?" He asked, not stopping what he was playing as the others cheered him on. Except Will, who looked over when she called.

"Mom said we have to be home for dinner." She deadpanned, looking around the arcade with a particular look on her face. "Your friends can come too, but we're both dead if you don't get a move on."

"In a second Nance," he rushed out a response, still playing furiously.

"Mike! I'm going to lose car privileges. And *you* are gonna lose friend privileges." She gestured to the group that wasn't really paying attention to her.

"I hear you Nancy, but *I'm* just about to beat Dustin's high score!"

"What?!" Dustin exclaimed and Nancy rolled her eyes, getting frustrated at how they weren't taking this seriously. She'd finally convinced her parents to let her use the car and she never would be able to again if she didn't get these boys home by six.

"You have five minutes before I'm leaving. And you and the rest of you," She pointed at the rest of them who looked at her now. Besides Dustin, who was trying to throw Mike's game now. "Can walk home. And spend the rest of the summer by yourselves." She nodded curtly

on her way out, she heard Dustin try to push Mike off the machine before Lucas held him back, Will worrying slightly if they should go. She decided Will was her favorite as she made her way back to the car, leaning on the door slightly as she waited. She looked around for a bit, before casting her eyes down on her nails and absent mindedly fiddling with a rock on the ground with her shoe.

“Hey,” A voice caused her to look up, somewhat surprised to see Jonathan there.

“Hey,” She repeated back, smiling at him. “What’re you doing here?” She wondered and he pointed behind him.

“Uh, I went to bring my mom dinner, she’s working late again tonight.” Nancy nodded, remembering that she worked at the store in town. Before she could say anything though, he was asking her. “What about you?”

She pointed at the arcade in front of them. “Waiting to drag my brother, your brother, and all their friends out of there by their ears.” Jonathan laughed.

“Yeah, I’ve heard they’ve been obsessed with that game.” Nancy shrugged.

“I just hope Mike doesn’t get that new high score, otherwise I really won’t hear the end of it.” He laughed and she did too, knowing how obsessed the boys got.

“Will’s going over there right?” He checked after a moment and Nancy smiled at just how much he looks out for his brother.

“Yeah, my mom said he can also stay over if it wants.” She nodded. “You’re also welcome, you know?” She offered. “To dinner, I mean. Not sure how thrilled my mom would be at you staying over.” She laughed as he did, both of their minds going back to the night he did stay over, neither one wanting to mention it though.

“Thanks, but I kind of told my job I’d cover an extra shift tonight...” He trailed off and Nancy nodded.

“Well, in that case, I’ll be sure to keep an eye on Will.” He looked at her gratefully. “Not just tonight though, you know, you’re welcome over whenever.” She offered again, even though she doubted Jonathan would come over uninvited for dinner.

“Thank you,” He smiled over at her gratefully again and she nodded.

“Nancy!” a voice interrupted them, “Common!” Mike called, eagerly waiting with his friends to get in the car.

She narrowed her eyes at them. “What happened to your precious game?”

Mike rolled his eyes. “Will reminded us that we won’t be able to come back tomorrow if we don’t get home. So let’s go!”

She rolled her eyes as she unlocked it, the boys piling in the back, besides Will who was saying hey to Jonathan before getting in.

“Guess that’s my cue,” She said to him after they all got in, back to talking about something in the back. From what she heard, Dustin had messed up Mike’s game so he hadn’t beaten his high score. She chuckled evilly.

“I should get going too,” he nodded as they departed, Nancy making her way to the driver’s side before she was stopped.

“Hey, uh, Nancy.” she looked back, her eyes meeting his a few feet away. “Your hair looks great, by the way.” He said it somewhat nervously, but Nancy grinned as she tucked a strand of her newly cut hair behind her ear without thinking.

“You like it?” she asked, feeling a blush on her skin.

“Yeah.” He smiled at her.

“Me too.” She laughed as she got into the car, Jonathan walking away with a smile on his face as well.

“What was that about?” Mike asked as she started the engine, shocking her a bit because she didn’t even think they were paying attention.

“Nothing.” She said quickly, noticing both Mike and Will’s eyes on her. “I’m serious. Don’t you have more important things to worry about?” Mike scoffed as she put the car in reverse.

“Like what? You don’t know anything,” He shot back.

“I know you couldn’t beat the high score.” Nancy shrugged as a chorus of “OH!”’s and one single “He cheated!” filled the car. She ran her fingers through her hair before she drove off, liking the cut just a little bit more.

“What’s that?” One of Carol’s friends asked her, as Nancy took a sip of her drink.

“Huh?” Nancy had no idea what the tipsy bunny girl was talking about as one hand of hers was holding her drink and the other laying at her side.

“On your hand!” She whined, Nancy looking at her like she was crazy before she lifted it. Sure enough, the drunk girl was referring to the almost year old scar that nearly healed on her hand. Nancy had almost forgotten about it, except when she saw the ugly thing on accident and groaned at the faded mark it was leaving. Looking at it now though, she didn’t feel annoyed or angry she had it, she felt protective over it.

“Oh, nothing.” She played it off but the girl tried to see it anyway, hey boyfriend not stopping her in anyway. “I’m serious, I cut my hand a while ago and it’s healing.”

“What were you doing?” The boyfriend finally spoke up, causing

Nancy to inwardly groan.

“Chopping vegetables.” She lied snarkily, taking another drink while the guy snorted.

“Yeah, right. There’s no way you got something like that by cutting tomatoes.”

The girl’s interest was peaked again. “Did you do like a blood sacrifice or something?” She slurred her words, fixing her lazy halloween costume bunny ears as she asked. God, Nancy hated Steve’s friends right about now.

“Hey,” Speaking of, Steve made his way over thankfully saving Nancy from answering anymore questions about her mark. “Did you actually get Jonathan to come?” He sounded excited as he asked her, and Nancy’s eyes widened.

“I mentioned it the other day when he was picking up Will. Why? Is he actually here?” Nancy didn’t think he’d be the one to come to a halloween party.

Steve nodded, “Think so.”

“Common then.” Nancy started to leave. “You know he doesn’t know anyone else here but us.” Steve nodded, following her as she weaved through the party. After a few minutes, they found him towards the front awkwardly holding a beer.

“Hey,” She grinned, tapping him on the arm lightly. “You actually showed up!”

Jonathan shrugged, “It was between this or going trick or treating with our little brothers.” Nancy laughed, Steve joining in too.

“Well, we’re glad you came man! Your presence also saved Nancy from being bombarded by Carol and Tommy’s idiot friends.” Nancy rolled her eyes at that, Jonathan giving her a look.

“Oh, they wouldn’t stop asking about my scar.” She explained,

holding her hand up as so, like it was no big deal. Nevermind that Jonathan had the same one on his hand, and that it was very much a big deal. “Anyways. What’d you get to drink?” Nancy asked.

The three of them talked for a bit, it never really being a easy conversation that Nancy and Jonathan could normally get to once the awkwardness was out of the way. Their conversations also weren’t so few and far between either now, as they’d talk for longer than polite ‘hello’s and ‘how are you’s when they were exchanging siblings or waiting for the morning bell to ring in the hall. They were actually friends now. She saw him in the library one day, looking for a book for English she assumed. However he couldn’t help but notice her tiny table in the corner was filled with newspaper reports and books strewn across, a few maps poking through. “Government conspiracy theories.” She answered without him asking, only raising eyebrows. “Huh,” He chuckled, sitting down next to her without even thinking. She grinned when his only response was “Well, what’cha got?”.

As much as she wanted Jonathan and Steve to get along, the conversation was somewhat clumsy with him in it. To be fair, she didn’t expect him to hang around as long as he had. She was kind of used to Steve running off somewhere with his other friends. Eventually though, someone called him off somewhere with those friends. He promised he’d see them later before he took off.

“So,” Nancy sipped at her new drink now. This was maybe number four? “Enjoying the party?”

“Haven’t really experienced much of it besides talking to you.” He smiled as he said it though, causing Nancy to raise her eyebrows.

“Is that such a bad thing?” She challenged.

“Not at all,” He mumbled, taking a sip of his drink while she blushed. “Kind of loud though.” He joked, fixing the awkward moment instantly.

“I know right. Who could expect this from such respectful young adults?” She mocked the adults of their town, Jonathan chuckled. “Hopper would shut this down so fast.”

"Hop has more important things to worry about." Nancy smiled briefly, wondering if the gossip about Jonathan's mom and Chief Hopper was true. Now wouldn't be the time to ask though. Suddenly, she took his hand without thinking, leading them out of the room.

"Where are we going?"

"Upstairs." She shrugged. "It's quieter."

"I didn't mean we had to mov-"

"I know." she led him anyway. She kind of stumbled up the stairs, leaning on the railing and the support of Jonathan's hand holding hers as she led them to the patio they had up here. She let herself lean against the edge, looking down at the pool.

"Nancy-" he started, knowing exactly what she was thinking.

"I know," She nodded. "Right there, right?" She pointed below, her r's were slurred a bit.

"Yeah," He ducked his head. There were a lot of reasons he hated that night.

"I've been out there, since then, you know." She nodded, remembering that she couldn't stop crying when she did the first time. But that was several months ago now. "I forgive you, by the way." She was drinking out of her cup again, turning to face him. "Even though you already apologized."

"Thanks." He mumbled, not knowing what to say to that. She laughed unexpectedly, forcing him to look at her.

"I made it weird, didn't I?" She laughed. "I don't even know why we came up here. I just wanted to get away from the party, just spend some time with you, you know? We only ever hang out when weird shit happens." She had gotten him to chuckle at this point.

"Doesn't have to be like that." He tried.

"It shouldn't." She said, and suddenly she had taken a seat on the ground, her back against the side wall.

"Tired of standing?" He laughed, and she actually nodded as he sat down next to her.

She took another swig before looking over to him. "Tell me something you've never told anyone before."

"I've already done that." Jonathan finally sipped his own drink, sharing a look with Nancy. She just laughed.

"Fine, stubborn." She shot at him, grinning at the look he gave her. "Let's see," She tsked, finishing off her drink. "I still hate your house, sorry, I still...I still have nightmares," She mumbled out, wringing her hands together.

"Me too," Jonathan whispered, putting a hand on her knee without thinking about it. He was about to apologize before she grabbed his hand with hers.

"I got mad at you, that day, a year ago, 'cause I was afraid of you being right." She kept going, softly. "I really didn't want you to be right."

"It was all bullshit, like you said. Nancy, you're not trying to be anything else. You're being yourself." He said intently.

"I don't even know who that is," She shrugged, letting go with one of her hands to fiddle with her hair.

"You'll figure it out."

That had gotten her to smile, turning over to him. "Think so?"

Jonathan laughed. "Yeah, yeah, of course." A smile tugged at his lips. "You can cut your hair even shorter."

Nancy actually laughed at that, "Oh yeah? Any other bright ideas?"

“Dye it?” He shrugged, Nancy laughed even louder.

“What? Blonde?”

“Why not?” He took a swig of his drink.

“I can see it now.” She was slurring again. “Nancy Wheeler. Dyes her hair blonde, skips town to become a badass monster hunter. Jonathan Byers as her accomplice.” She laughed as he did. “Think I’d be a badass blonde?”

“Completely,” He said just a little too fast, but it brought a smile to Nancy’s face so he didn’t feel too embarrassed by it. “You’ve always been kind of a badass though.” He nudged her side, the alcohol kicking in a bit on him now as he was loosening up.

“Yeah right. I don’t even know where my bat is.”

“You don’t need it.” He shrugged.

She smiled, turning her whole body to face his now. “Hey,” She nudged his hand with her own, grabbing it again. “Thank you.”

He looked confused, furrowing his eyebrows. “For what?”

“Being here,” She shrugged. “Being my friend, I guess. After Barb, I...I’m not the best at making friends.”

Jonathan laughed quietly. “You know who you’re talking to right?” He always got her to smile. She began to laugh, joining him. The buzz of the alcohol and the feeling of Halloween in the air made them both content for the first time in a while.

It was quiet as they both turned to face each other, besides the party thumping dully from downstairs.

“Hey Jonathan,” She mumbled, running her thumb across the back of his hand.

“Yeah?”

She didn't have an answer. She didn't even have an explanation, maybe it was the courage from her drinks, or the fact Jonathan was right up next to her underneath the stars and she, for a second, allowed herself to be honest with herself. She liked him. She almost wished he did this a year ago in his living room, before Steve and monsters interrupted. Maybe that's why she pressed her lips to his. It didn't last long, but it was enough to leave butterflies in her stomach and a blush on their faces when they pulled apart.

"Nancy-"

"I'm not drunk. I mean, I'm not wasted," She slurred. "But I've wanted to do that."

"Nancy," Jonathan didn't even know what to say to her. Should he start with the fact she has a boyfriend who's probably keeping his eye out for her downstairs or the fact he couldn't even begin to imagine when she started feeling this way. Even if he asked, she wouldn't have a solid answer for either.

"Hey," She whispered, changing the conversation by turning his hand over. "Your scar." The alcohol was definitely hitting her now, mixed with the slight embarrassment she was still experiencing from kissing him. Jonathan's scar, for some reason, was a bit more prominent than hers though. She traced it with her fingertips before she linked them again, their matching scars lining up. "I don't want to get anymore scars," She whispered. "Either one of us." She went back to sitting with her back against the wall.

"You won't," He settled back next to her. "There's no more monsters." Nancy let her head fall on Jonathan's shoulder. She really hoped he was right.